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THE German reply gives the President a remarkable chance to drive home the real significance of his note. Its weakness is his opportunity. In saying that the prevention of future wars is a question to be dealt with after the settlement of this one the German government has completely missed the point. The bulk of the American people have not forgotten the impossible ultimatum to Serbia and the violation of Belgium with which Germany initiated this war, and much as they desire peace they would not distract the Allies now if the peace that were to be negotiated were to be the usual negotiated peace. The only reason most Americans are willing to move for negotiations is that they believe it is possible to put such guaranties upon the negotiations that Europe and the world will be more secure than they have ever been before. For us the guaranties are all-important, as we believe they are to the democracies in the Allied nations. So important do we hold them to be that we are ready to pledge all our strength to make those guaranties binding. The President in his note has offered this pledge. The American theory is that the guaranties must be established before the bargaining over territory can be undertaken with moderation and a sense of safety. To suggest a settlement first and the organization of peace afterwards is to put the cart before the horse. For without the assurance that a safer Europe has been created there is no chance now of a moderate peace. The Allies will be compelled to regard every territorial question in its relation to the balance of power, and on that basis no negotiation is possible to-day.

ALL this the President can make clear to Germany in another note. He can point out that we are prepared to abandon isolation only if our entrance into the European system will stabilize it, that we ask immediately from Germany a pledge that she will join a league of nations, and that she will solemnly agree to submit all disputes to inquiry before acting. As an earnest of good faith we ask further that Germany accept the principle of no annexation of invaded territory except as part of an exchange, that she announce her willingness to restore Belgium and to regard it as a distinct question without bearing on the other negotiations, that she announce her readiness to consider a reduction in armaments. The President can say that these are the minimum conditions on which the United States will consent to participation in European politics, and that before we can undertake to alter our national policy we must know whether these conditions are agreed to.

THE German reply is no less the opportunity of the Allies. A statement by them which said precisely that their primary object was the organization of security, and that they were ready to discuss territorial details once the principles of the guaranties were accepted by the Central Empires, would constitute a perfectly adequate reply at the moment to the President's note. So far as it is possible to judge from America the Allies

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have every reason for making just such a reply. By doing it they will reassure America that the popular objects of the war are still the real ones. By failing to make such a reply they will compel Americans to believe that they are entangled in aggressive purposes. The Germans have just shown them how not to answer the American note.

THE clarifying effect of the President's move ought to be clearer by this time. Its first concrete effect is just the opposite of what panicky friends of the Allies supposed it would be. Instead of reinforcing Bethmann-Hollweg's ingenious offer, the President's note has begun to act like an acid test upon it. The first thing it brings to light is that the German government can not or does not care to understand the democratic view of the war. It shows either that the Germans still have much to learn or that their offer of peace is disingenuous. Diplomatically they are again on the defensive. In two or three short sentences they have lost much of the ground they had gained in the last few weeks. The note will supply an equally sharp test to the Allies. What is more, the door is open and the President, who is speaking for liberals everywhere, can continue to address the peoples behind the governments. In reiterating and elaborating his message he can do an immense propaganda for international good faith.

THE meeting in New York this week of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and fifty other affiliated national scientific societies, is an event which ought to loom large in the minds of thoughtful people. Not only do the thousand papers and reports read at the various section meetings themselves represent a large part of recent scientific achievement, but the meeting and exchange of views between men occupied in different fields cannot but stimulate and liberalize the great human effort to conquer the jungle of ignorance and prejudice that surrounds the little clearing of cultivated science. Yet despite the fact that the meeting this week gives due prominence to the chemical conditions of "preparedness," and other matters affecting our national prosperity, it does not seem likely that it will do much to shake the massive apathy toward the spread of science and scientific method which characterizes our educated classes. A large part of this apathy is due to the vague but widespread feeling that science no longer needs any champions, that since the days of Tyndal, Huxley, and Youmans, it has conquered and taken possession of all our educational institutions.

NOTHING could be farther from the truth. Compared with the provisions for scientific research in countries like France and Germany, ours are pitifully meagre. The energy of our colleges and universities is primarily directed to increasing the number of students, buildings and degrees conferred. The professors are so loaded up with routine teaching and such an unconscionable amount of administrative work, that he who would engage in genuine scientific research must do so by stealth and at the expense of his health. Nor do we provide many incentives for that kind of work. The public reward and recognition extended to technologic promoters is out of all proportion to that extended to scientific achievement itself—witness the millions of people who have heard of Edison but not of Theobald Smith, or who think that Marconi invented wireless telegraphy. Probably thousands of Yale men have not heard of Willard Gibbs, one of the most creative minds in nineteenth-century science, whose work at New Haven was possible largely because he was a man of means and of good family. Perhaps the general cause of science might prosper more in this country if there were greater coöperation and less provincial isolation among the various groups of specialists. Thus the great meeting in New York this week is marked by the absence of all the social science associations, which meet in Columbus, Ohio. The separation between the social and the physical scientists can surely not be of any real advantage to either. At any rate the great outstanding and deplorable fact is that on the vital questions requiring their coöperation, e. g. the effect of immigration or of the interbreeding of races we have multitudes of impassioned orations and sophomore essays, but nothing worthy of being called science. Thousands upon thousands of studies have been devoted by the historians on the German migrations of the fifth century. Can it be that recent events because we are in a position to know more about them are necessarily of lesser intrinsic importance?

THE New York *Times*, caught between a desire to support the President and a wish to avoid the exasperation which the note has aroused, adopts the ingenious theory that of course the world knows just what the Allies are fighting for, and that the President's query was addressed to Germany alone. It is nice of the *Times* that it wishes to please everybody, but everybody including the *Times* knows that the President meant no such thing. Everybody including the *Times* knows that the Allied objective has never been stated in anything but a qualitative formula. It is just vacant amiability to pretend that the world knows

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whether for example the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine and the Russian occupation of Constantinople are minimum terms. Certainly the *Times* does not know what the Allies have decided upon as to the future of Poland, or as to the future of the captured German colonies, or as to the indemnities they will ask. It would be far better if the *Times* attacked the President's move than defended it with false naïveté. If there was one thing more than any other which the note is meant to initiate it is an era of plain speaking.

A TERRIBLE responsibility rests upon all newspaper correspondents here and abroad, for the temptation to reflect nothing but the official view is overwhelming. It is a fact, for example, that at least one representative in the United States of a very powerful newspaper has knowingly disturbed American opinion in order to meet the wishes of the proprietor abroad. The dispatches cabled over here from England are obviously out of proportion. They give a weight to what is no doubt majority sentiment without any adequate offset of the powerful and growing dissent. The American correspondents in London have been since the war began unduly hypnotized by the censorship, the press bureau and the Northcliffe papers. This condition is perilous just now, for the essence of the President's move is that it is an appeal to public opinion all over the world, and the task of the reporter is to do the very delicate work of reflecting that opinion which after long repression is just beginning to stir, and to record its strength as against the more hardened views. This morning for example we learn that the Dean of Westminster and the Reverend G. Campbell Morgan preached against a discussion of peace, and that Dr. Barnes seemed rather sympathetic. This appears in the headlines of the *Times* as "London Preachers Criticize Wilson," but is anyone the wiser as to what the preachers as a whole really said? What did they say, up and down England? And while we are on the subject, would it be asking too much if we begged enterprising editors out of respect for the British people not to let Mr. Hall Caine prance all over the first page? Doesn't everyone know by this time that he is a ninny, and always has been?

ONE of the serious difficulties in our administration of the law is the refusal of judges to recognize the increasing inadequacy of what they call "common or general knowledge" in the face of the growing complexity of our industrial and financial organizations. More than any one else our judges seem to typify the supposed democratic tendency to disparage expert knowledge. That this difficulty is personal rather than one inherent in our legal system is well brought out by a suggestive note in the current number of the *Harvard Law Review*. The question how a vast modern industrial corporation should be dissolved so as to be no longer in violation of the Sherman act is, assuredly, one in which a court of equity might well call to its aid, as special master in chancery, one who has expert knowledge of business affairs, "and equal to the task of keeping pace with the perverse ingenuity of private concerns." Two years ago Congress expressly empowered our federal courts to use the Federal Trade Commission for the purpose. Yet judges seem loath to avail themselves of this opportunity, and instead allow decrees of dissolution to be drawn up by the counsel of the guilty corporation. The defendant corporation thus condemned to cut its own throat "has every interest to miss the jugular," and the court is "manifestly ignorant of where the jugular of a vast industrial organism is." It is to be hoped, therefore, that the recent Corn Products case will set a precedent for courts to utilize the power and cumulative experience of a continuous body such as the Federal Trade Commission, in passing on what are essentially questions of business administration. A similar practice might also extend to the handling of other cases involving technical or scientific information, much as those presented by patent cases.

URGING the passage by the Senate of the new organic law for Porto Rico, to grant its inhabitants American citizenship, President Wilson said, "We do not doubt what we wish to do in any particular. We ought to do it at once." The President must be misinformed, for the bill has at least one vital defect. By educational and property qualifications for the franchise it will actually take away the vote from 175,000 workingmen, though there are only 205,000 voters in the whole island. A proposed amendment to retain the present franchise for ten years before establishing the limitation would help, but only temporarily. Half the population are agricultural laborers, to all intents and purposes attached to the land, and cannot acquire taxable property. And only 35.8 per cent of the children of school age can be touched by the present educational equipment; there is practically no chance of education for adults. The possible effect of the bill may be inferred from the following facts. Many laborers of the island have recently been unionized. Two years ago there was a great agricultural strike against intolerable conditions of pay and labor, in which the police, it was charged, sided with capital. Under the new law, the dis-

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franchised laborers will receive only the equivocal protection of a general "bill of rights," interpreted by courts operating in the costly American fashion. An amendment guarding the right of labor to organize was defeated. Membership in the Porto Rican Senate is limited to those owning at least a thousand dollars' worth of property, in the House, five hundred dollars' worth. Members of the Senate need have been residents in the island for only two years. Porto Rico is taken out of the jurisdiction of United States interstate commerce and safety appliance laws. Bearing these gifts, we offer the inhabitants of Porto Rico "American citizenship." Better to say frankly that we are creating a feudalism for the benefit of Spanish and American capital.

IN ante-bellum days Harvard undergraduates "took Münsterberg" in great crowds, partly because psychology was dimly supposed to lie somewhere between Mme. Eusapia Palladino and Ibsen, partly because Münsterberg was always in the newspapers, and not a little because he had an extraordinary gift of lucid, logical, and unhesitating exposition. He was a born propagandist—of applied psychology, of Germany to America, of America to Germany. It was this ardor of his for popularizing his convictions which seemed finally to take such complete possession of him that his direct scientific contributions were lost sight of. He poured forth a mass of attractive and shallow books on applied psychology. He wrote magazine articles and made speeches without end, and there was a good deal of justice in the popular tendency to forget that he was a psychologist and regard him as a public figure. The scientist in him was submerged. Where the public, especially the Boston public, did him great injustice, was in failing to recognize that he was no "hyphenate," but a German patriot, a very moderate and sane one at that. In these last two years he saw a not too chivalrous side of American opinion. His own bearing under the most trying circumstances contained what might be called a low percentage of errors. It reached a high mark of good temper.

REGARDLESS of the aesthetic valuation of John Singer Sargent's new mural decorations in the Boston Public Library, their unveiling proves that something has happened in our attitude towards painting since the first series were shown twenty years ago. Then the decorations seemed to be studied chiefly as picture-puzzles, a game of find-the-answer by careful use of guide-books. What the Hebrew meant, whether the prophets were correctly imagined, who the Egyptian gods were, and why Jehovah should manifest himself according to Mr. Sargent's unusual conception—these were the absorbing topics. Now, it is safe to say, anyone who knows anything about art will put such questions severely in the background. Mr. Sargent's use of sumptuous color, his complications of design, the massing of his forms, and the entire aesthetic effect of his creations, will be the matters under discussion. To those who take Sargent with high seriousness it may be sacrilege to suggest that such a change has come about through the "modern" movements they probably despise. Yet one may atone a little by the supplementary suggestion that possibly the Sargent paintings will not lose effectiveness when interpreted according to the later prophets.

The Note as Americanism

WHEN Mr. Wilson's note to the belligerent Powers was published on Thursday of last week it was received by an important section of American public opinion with a gasp of astonishment and incredulity. The great majority of those Americans who are most interested in the war are habituated to consider it exclusively from the French and English or the German point of view; and they were rendered breathless by the spectacle of the President of the United States who dared to do anything or say anything about the European war except in response to the initiative of one of the belligerent nations. Yet the shock, sharp as it was, was not sufficient to make them swerve from their hyphenism. They looked at the President's proposal, as they have looked at every other issue or event of the war, exclusively in its effect on British, French or German interests. The pro-Germans rejoiced, because they hoped its effect would be to improve the chances of favorable peace terms for Germany. The pro-Allies were angry, partly because they anticipated the displeasure of their French and English friends, but chiefly because they were unable to conceive of American policy in relation to the war, except as determined by the interests of the Allied Powers as belligerents. It was a perfect exhibition of instinctive and undiluted colonialism, and naturally the most officious of the colonials were men, like George W. Perkins, who expatiate most volubly about Americanism but fail to recognize it when they see it. They cry to the heavens for national leadership and then repudiate it when it is offered to them.

In truth, President Wilson's note takes a long step towards the formulation of something which unhyphenated Americans have been groping after since the beginning of the war. It is a move in the direction of a positive national policy, which in so

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far as it can be made to prevail, will create for the American democracy a living and serviceable relation to the ultimate issues raised by the European war. And this policy, although aggressive and national, is not exclusive. It is aggressive only in the manifest interest of international order and security. It is national in the sense that it brings certain national ideals a little nearer to realization. No matter how resentfully it is received in the beginning, it will in the end win the understanding and support of democrats and liberals throughout the world. They will welcome it for what it is—one of the most courageous and intelligent attempts made by any government to bring into existence the kind of international community which may provide for democracy and liberalism a more gracious climate and a more fertile soil.

The European war aroused thoughtful Americans from a condition of dangerous ignorance and inertia. It has compelled them to consider the problem of readjusting the traditional relation occupied by their country to Europe. In the past the chief object of our European policy has been to avoid European complications. We even proclaimed ourselves willing to fight, if necessary, in order to prevent the two Americas from being treated as an arena for the exercise of European nationalistic aggression. We were, moreover, justified in assuming this atttitude. The Monroe Doctrine embodied the essential aspect of American foreign policy. We were right in separating the American political system from that of Europe, not because Americans possessed any superiority in manners or morals, but because our geographical situation emancipated us from the necessity of participating in the perils and distractions of the European international system. We were under no necessity of forming any part of a European balance of power or of associating ourselves with its responsibilities. But this attitude, justified as it formerly was, has had the foundation knocked out from under it by a radical alteration in the mere physical facts of our relationship to Europe. The geographical isolation was impaired by improved processes of communication. The two Americas were brought so near to Europe and united to it by so many bonds of intercourse that political separation became unnatural and costly. Pan-Americanism would be obliged eventually either to make terms with the European balance of power or guarantee its own continued isolation by armaments comparable to those of Europe.

This dilemma has been brought to the surface by the war. Since August, 1914, the United States has been obliged continually to protest against the behavior of the European belligerents. The traditional fabric of international law, upon which the American government had depended for the safeguarding of its citizens during war, was wrenched to pieces. Dangerous controversies with European Powers ensued, and as a consequence of these contentions, the nation was persuaded to increase its armaments and to make vigorous preparation for an impending war. These preparations were at first explained as a measure of self-defense; but what we were really defending was not our territorial inviolability but, as public opinion soon began to realize, our traditional Pan-American foreign policy; and the question was immediately asked, how far it was profitable to arm for such a purpose. The relations between the mutually exclusive American and European political systems would have to be determined by some kind of law, and it was precisely the existence and sanction of any law of nations which was being made precarious by the war in Europe. A Pan-American system of inoffensive nations could not preserve its own peculiar advantages in case the rest of the world was divided into groups of hostile Powers who were unscrupulously subordinating the law of nations to their own interests as actual or future belligerents. An American system, as the first condition of its own security, would have to use its influence on behalf of any promising attempt to organize security in Europe.

Thus what the United States needed to bring about was a positive and responsible adjustment to the European system in place of the existing negative and irresponsible adjustment. How could this be done without abandoning the most precious aspect of our traditional foreign policy—the tradition of keeping free from the clash of conflicting national interests, known as the European balance of power? "Very easily," answered the American spokesman of the Allies. "Let the United States join the combination against Germany. Great Britain and France are fighting for the security of all nations against aggression and for the sanctity of international obligations; and these are the principles upon which American foreign policy has always rested." Public opinion in this country so far accepted the truth of this argument that participation in the war on the side of the Allies became conceivable while on the side of Germany it became inconceivable. American neutrality waxed unmistakably benevolent. Yet benevolent as it was, it did not entirely cease to be neutral. Although the contention of the Allies that they were fighting in part for those international purposes which had always informed American foreign policy was accepted, we could not accept the generous inference that they were fighting only for these objects. The war had originated in one of those

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conflicts of national ambition between Russia and Germany from which Americans have always sought to steer clear, and before this country could commit itself to the Allies it needed to know how in the event of victory they proposed to accomplish the declared object of organizing international security. Would it be by a treaty of peace which would place a substantial international law and organization behind international security, or by a treaty of peace which merely sought to readjust the former balance of power? If the former the American nation would have every reason, based on the best tradition in its foreign policy, to abandon its isolation, and to coöperate with the Allies in their structural work either at the end of the war or, if necessary, during the course of the war. But if the Allies proposed to vindicate international law by substituting for a balance of power which was tipping in favor of the Central Powers, a new balance more favorable to France and Russia, they would merely be perpetuating the old feuds. Then the American nation would find it wiser, even at a heavy cost, to preserve its freedom of action, until the Allies were prepared to pay a better price for its assistance.

It is this ambiguity in the policy of the Allies which constitutes the great difficulty of the attempt to readjust, in the light of new needs and conditions, the relation of America to Europe. Mr. Wilson's note to the European belligerents seeks to clear it up. It is intended to bring out whether or not the "new Europe" which the Allies propose to bring into existence is based on an honest attempt to provide a legal structure for international coöperation, or whether it is merely a new version of the old Europe—one in which Germany is deprived of the security and the outlet for her national energy which is guaranteed to the other nations. It is intended to bring out, also, whether or not the Central Powers are willing to enter such an international system and if so, what proof they are willing to give of good faith. The immediate purpose of the note is to exert pressure on Germany to offer extremely moderate terms and to announce definitely what kind of an international system she will enter and what guaranties she will give for good behavior. But its more remote effect will be to exert pressure on the Allies to accept German readiness to enter an international system under adequate guaranties as a sufficient proof of the probable accomplishment of the objects for which they are fighting. Thus the President is practically asking them to accept an even break plus a coöperative international organization. It would be peace without victory for either side, and peace without victory seems desirable because a victory would provide both contestants with an irresistible temptation to use their triumph for the essentially military purpose of redressing a precarious balance of power in their favor.

The dispatch of Mr. Wilson's note would be an impertinent interference by the American government in the business of other nations were it not for one fact of overwhelming importance. For the first time in the history of the country, an American official document has made European business American business by offering to abandon the isolation of the past and form a responsible part of a European international system. The note expressly declares that the American people "stand ready and even eager to coöperate" in the protection of weaker nations against violence "with every influence and resource at their command." For this reason it may well count as one of the outstanding documents in the history of the political relations between America and Europe. It is an explicit offer to use the new world, not as Canning said, to redress the balance in the old, but for the better purpose of lending to the European balance the influence and power of a disinterested outsider and by so doing to convert an unstable equilibrium of conflicting forces into a concert. The offer may fail in its intended effect, but Europeans, and least of all Englishmen and Frenchmen, do ill to receive it churlishly and resentfully. Surely they must recognize that a mere victory over Germany which did nothing to reform the balance of power as a system of international relationship would not serve to bring into existence a new and better Europe. They must recognize that without American help the difficulty of bringing a new Europe into existence looks insuperable. Should they reject that help and treat Mr. Wilson's note as a well intentioned but intolerable interference with their immediate business they will be alienating American sympathy and support, and confirming the American nation in its old suspicions of Europe and its old practice of irresponsible neutrality and isolation.

If they claim the interference to be ill timed and ask us why we do not postpone our interference until the end of the war, when it will be much more welcome, the answer is only too obvious. It will be something like this: "Gentlemen, we cannot wait. You yourselves will not let us wait. By the very fierceness of your hostility to your enemies, you are depriving us of the little shelter for a neutral still provided by the traditional structure of international law. If you insist upon a decisive victory and propose to use it for the purpose of emasculating your enemy, Germany will feel justified in pulling out every weapon in her armory for the defense of her position in Europe. She will use her submarines so far as possible to cut

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off all communications between Great Britain and the rest of the world. How far such a policy would be successful we do not know, but one thing we do know. Its adoption would so intensify hatreds and suspicions that neither of the contestants would submit until he was utterly undone. It would convert the ocean highway, on which Americans must move or perish, into a belligerent domain on which a neutral could not travel without becoming a belligerent. It would force the United States into a war whose only results would be to leave the schism of Europe deeper than when it started, and which would do nothing to secure and everything to imperil the creation of that international order upon which the future security of great nations as well as small depends. Ignore us and flout us if you will, but in that case do not get angry when we arm exclusively to protect our own interests and when we on our part smile sceptically and wearily when you continue to talk about fighting for international right."

Beneath the Outcry

THAT the first response of the Allied press to the President's note would be hostile was of course to be expected. That this response would not be the voice of the Allied nations was clear to anyone who understood the working of the press, especially in wartime. That the response actually was not the expression of dominant opinion, the later comment shows. The first editorials were simply exclamations of surprise, dismay, and anger. They showed not the slightest evidence that the editors had grasped the elementary meaning of the note. Phrases torn from their context, phrases hastily misread, were all that emerged at first. It was like an apparition into which each projected his own bogeys. But gradually the thing has begun to take form. Its true outlines are becoming visible. Panic gives place to understanding. Trivialities of phrasing sink into perspective.

It has begun to reveal the difference between the popular and the official conceptions of the war. The great bulk of the people in England are fighting to curb the menace of Germany, to free Belgium, to make Europe a safer place to live in. The people of France are fighting for these things and to defend themselves from a hideous invasion. But alongside these aims there are official aspects of the war of which the people have only vague knowledge but of which they are ready deeply to disapprove. They are the secret diplomatic intrigues and manœuvres for a shifting of the balance of power in the Near East, Africa, and even the Pacific. Persia, Morocco, Mesopotamia, the Congo, the Dardanelles, China, the backward territories of the earth, these are the stakes over which Europe has been kept in turmoil, these are the prizes for which the coalitions were formed, it is for these that European diplomacy has played. It is the question of how to dispose of these territories which raises the real obstacles to peace. The immediate prize is Turkey, with the Dardanelles, Serbia, the corridor to the East as means to military and economic possession of Asia Minor, Persia and Mesopotamia, ultimately perhaps to Egypt and India. In that region there is a fierce three-cornered conflict between imperial Britain, imperial Germany and imperial Russia. As incidents of that conflict, infinitely tragic because they are only incidents, France, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, Greece, Poland and Lithuania have been gashed by the armies.

First, it was to the west that Germany struck. Struck for what? To eliminate France. Why France? Because France was supposed to be the weakest link in the circle that bound her. Bound her from what? From world power? World power for what? For imperial aggrandizement in Africa and Asia. Germany failed at the Marne, and finally at Verdun. She turned east, struck at Russia, and created Middle Europe. Why? Because Middle Europe is the route to Asia Minor, a land route which Germany could hold and defend.

The grand objective and the ultimate one has always been territory inhabited by colored peoples too weak to defend it, too backward to exploit it. In the effort to reach that objective Germany hacked through the cities and fields of her neighbors. Now what her neighbors care about, what the people of England, France, Belgium care about is the hacking through, and not the tropical lands beyond. But the official class, and the imperialistic economic groups upon which it rests, care tremendously about the control of the backward parts of the earth.

In every country in Europe these two views have been fused since the war began. So overshadowing were the horrors and dangers of the war that the official classes and the people were at one. The remote but real causes of the conflict were lost sight of in the fog of war, and for each people the struggle was a war for existence. So it would have remained indefinitely, and to the utter exhaustion of Europe. That is why the official classes have not dared to define their ends. The moment they did it, they would have to begin talking about backward territories, and the union between imperialism and democracy would be shattered.

The sober truth of the matter is that President Wilson has driven a wedge between the diplomatic

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and the popular view of the war. Nothing else will explain the horror of the Northcliffe press in Britain and the Pan-Germans in the Central Empires at the seemingly simple, obvious human request to say exactly on what terms they would consent to make peace. Why should they call it a terrible blow to them? They quote Lincoln, but Lincoln, who was not entangled in ulterior purposes, never hesitated to say concretely on what terms he would make peace. He knew and every one knew exactly what the terms were. But the imperialists are afraid to tell the terms for two reasons: those terms might divide both coalitions amongst themselves, and would tend to divide the people from the governments in every country where public opinion has any power. The resentment in tory circles everywhere is the anger at a man who has unloosed forces which will in the end unseat the war parties. They are quite right when they say he has struck a blow at the morale of the nations. But it would be no less true to say that he has sounded a call which will restore the morale of liberalism.

There would be no justification whatever for this intervention if he had not at the same time offered to share the responsibility. It is because America is ready to pledge itself for the popular objects of this war that the action is justified. No one in Europe who is honestly fighting simply for security and a measure of justice can in the end regard this offer of ours as anything but friendly and hopeful. For what it says to Europe is this: we will guarantee with our resources and our lives the objects of the western democracies, but before we do that those objects must be distinguished from the objects of the imperialists. The note is a declaration of our alliance with the liberals of Europe.

And in that light they are beginning to understand it. Everywhere the division of liberal and tory has begun. A world-wide debate which no censorship can repress is in progress, and during that debate we shall witness the gradual isolation of those who are inspired merely by narrow class and national purposes. The most terrible danger of the war has probably been scotched. That danger was that the peace would be made by reactionaries on the ruins of Europe, and that it would be a peace which was the prelude to a diplomatic and commercial war. So long as the decision rested entirely in the hands of the belligerents the democracies were forced to believe that safety could be secured only by the destruction of the enemy's power. And since that was the only means of safety, they were compelled to submit to the growing dictation of the war parties. The entrance of a fresh and powerful neutral, honestly disinterested but not uninterested, has destroyed that necessity. Once the necessity is destroyed the leadership of the war parties is no longer necessary, and liberalism can again become expressive. The offer of our aid plus the request for definition is a fatal blow at the ascendancy of the European reactionaries. Because of it the moderates will make the peace.

That is why the first exclamations need not disturb us, nor cause us to swerve. They were exactly what was expected, and they will not dominate. The logic of the situation is so powerfully on the side of the President that the complexion of the talk will inevitably change. The movement which he has initiated cannot fail to grow, and everywhere it will assume sooner or later the form of a struggle between the progressives and the extremists. That is a bitter struggle in which to take part. It will require a tenacity of purpose which cannot be balked by outcry and misrepresentation. The purpose will not fail if the magnitude of the event is understood in America, if our opinion refuses to be diverted by the inevitable antagonism which a bold and liberating move arouses in conventional and timid minds. Those who have cried for a leadership expressive of American idealism and interest have it now. Many will not recognize it at first, but in the end they must.

New Masters for Old

NO nation has imported more paintings and exported more painters than America. Our millionaires and the museums they endow have ransacked Europe, ravished masterpiece after masterpiece from the outraged guardians of old-world culture, and even, in recent years, have bought much of the best work of successful contemporaries. Meanwhile, America has been sending away its young artists. Most of those who could by hook or crook afford it have gone to Paris, Rome and Munich. After recognition by the continental critics and public, some of them can safely return. It is probable that the works of those who succeed will find a ready market in America at large prices—after the process of developing and appreciating their genius has been accomplished.

After all, France has the better of it. She can well afford to let us have some of her masterpieces in exchange for the years our young painters spend with her and the things that attract them. For if art means anything to a nation, the rows of pictures on the walls of a museum are not themselves that meaning—they are but the record and the stimulation of experience. To acquire them

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without having taken any part in bringing them forth is like buying a diploma from a university. It can signify little except to one who has earned it. To experience a living art is more necessary for a nation than to lay up treasures in museums.

Yet the cultivation of a living art is not something that can be accomplished over-night by taking thought; and the way to accomplish it is not to moralize over provincialism, *épater les bourgeois*, or attack the crusty academicians. Every country has its collectors who will buy only what is approved, every country has its academies that will approve only what is traditional, and nowhere do young artists thrive on subsidies, or compete successfully in the public eye with the money-making occupations. There are, however, certain irreducible minima. There must be courageous independent criticism. There must be a public, however small, that is willing to risk its attention, its money and its reputation for taste on what it likes, and be genuine enough sometimes to like what is new and unacknowledged. And, as corollary to these, there must be plenty of chance to see unrecognized work, and a market not only for pictures costing a thousand dollars and up, but for pictures costing a hundred dollars and down.

The caesura in our appreciation of painting was emphasized when the war sent to New York a large number of the young men and women who had been students abroad. Those who were hopeful of American art welcomed this accident; it was predicted that their mere presence would vitalize us. But the young painters soon began to discover the unbridged moat between the student who can sell nothing and the established success. Unless by luck an artist could find a patron or arouse a sensation, there was no place for him—he had to earn his living by such irrelevant means as drawing for the magazines and advertising agents. Unless he could sell his paintings for a high price, he could not sell them at all. He found a small dilettante public, flighty and superficially sophisticated, and a conventional Academy. There were few contacts for him, he could not strike root, and he longed for Paris.

It would be impossible to pick out in Paris any one factor which makes the difference, but it is possible to indicate the sort of institution which helps. In 1884 there was formed the Society of Independent Artists, for the purpose of giving everybody a chance to exhibit. Every year this society shows, without exclusion of any kind, all the pictures submitted to it. The city gives the land, and on the land is erected a rough temporary structure with the requisite amount of wall space. Out of the five or six thousand paintings hung, four or five hundred are usually sold—most of them at low prices. Such an exhibition necessarily includes many horrible examples. It necessarily arouses much ridicule, and many people go to it as they would to a circus. But, on the other hand, many of the contemporary masters first exhibited in it, and founded their reputations there. The essential fact is that such an exhibition makes the necessary contact between the public and the young painter. It emphasizes the principle that in art it is more important for the public to make up its own mind than to accept uncritically the valuations of the authorities, that it is better to develop one's own taste even if that taste is bad than to learn by rote the good taste of some one else. It suggests to the man who can afford only ten dollars for something to put on his wall that he can own a real painting—one which might some day be as highly valued as the treasure of the millionaire. It suggests, too, that there are paintings for which the world is richer though they never achieve fame and enormous money value. One need only look into the window of any popular "art store" to understand how much better off the American public would be if it bought, instead of cheap reproductions, even the crudest paintings by any beginner who takes his art seriously.

For these reasons it is gratefully to be recorded that a Society of Independent Artists has been formed in New York and will give during the winter an exhibition similar in purpose to the famous popular salon of Paris. Even if it accomplishes nothing more than to attract speculators in futures, some born painter may be prevented from pouring his soul into the promotion of shirts and collars. But the society will indeed do the nation a service if it makes us even dimly aware that the business of a people is to live an art, rather than to buy it ready-made.

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The Religious Revival: II

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THOUGHT about the great questions of life, thought and reasoned direction, this is what the multitude demands mutely and weakly, and what the organized churches are failing to give. They have not the courage of their creeds. Either their creeds are intellectual flummery or they are the solution to the riddles with which the world is struggling. But the churches make no mention of their creeds. They chatter about sex and the magic effect of church attendance and simple faith. If simple faith is enough, the churches and their differences are an imposture. Men are stirred to the deepest questions about life and God, and the Anglican church for example obliges—as I have described. It is necessary to struggle against the unfavorable impression made by these things. These things must not blind us to the deeper movement that is in progress in a quite considerable number of minds in England and France alike towards the realization of the kingdom of God.

What I conceive to be the reality of the religious revival is to be found in quarters quite remote from the religious professionals. Let me give but one instance of several that occur to me. I met soon after my return from France a man who has stirred my curiosity for years, Mr. David Lubin, the prime mover in the organization of the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome. It is a movement that has always appealed to my imagination. The idea is to establish and keep up to date a record of the production of food staples in the world with a view to the ultimate world control of food supply and distribution. When its machinery has developed sufficiently it will of course be possible to extend its activities to a control in the interests of civilization of many other staples besides food stuffs. It is in fact the suggestion and beginning of the economic world peace and the economic world state, just as the Hague Tribunal is the first faint sketch of a legal world state. The King of Italy has met Mr. Lubin's idea with open hands. It was because of this profoundly interesting experience that in a rather unsuccessful book of mine, "The World Set Free" (May, 1914) in which I represented a world state as arising out of Armageddon, I made the first world conference meet at Brissago in Italian Switzerland under the presidency of the King of Italy. So that when I found I could meet Mr. Lubin I did so very gladly. We lunched together in a pretty little room high over Knightsbridge, and talked through an afternoon.

He is a man rather after the type of Gladstone; he could be made to look like Gladstone in a caricature, and he has that compelling quality of intense intellectual excitement which was one of the great factors in the personal effectiveness of Gladstone. He is a Jew, but until I had talked to him for some time that fact did not occur to me. He is in very ill health, he has some weakness of the heart that grips and holds him at times white and silent.

At first we talked of his Institute and its work. Then we came to shipping and transport. Whenever one talks now of human affairs one comes presently to shipping and transport generally. In Paris, in Italy, when I returned to England, everywhere I found "cost of carriage" was being discovered to be a question of fundamental importance. Yet transport railroads and shipping, these vitally important services in the world's affairs are nearly everywhere in private hands and run for profit. In the case of shipping they are run for profit on such antiquated lines that freights vary from day to day and from hour to hour. It makes the business of food supply a gamble. And it need not be a gamble.

But that is by the way in the present discussion. As we talked, the prospect broadened out from a prospect of the growing and distribution of food to a general view of the world becoming one economic community. I talked of various people I had been meeting in the previous few weeks. "So many of us," I said, "seem to be drifting away from the ideas of nationalism and faction and policy, towards something else which is larger. It is an idea of a right way of doing things for human purposes, independently of these limited and localized references. Take such things as international hygiene, take *this* movement. We are feeling our way towards a bigger rule."

"The rule of Righteousness," said Mr. Lubin.

I told him that I had been coming more and more to the idea—not as a sentimentality or a metaphor, but as the ruling and directing idea, the structural idea, of all one's political and social activities—of the whole world as one state and community and of God as the King of that state.

"But *I* say that," cried Mr. Lubin, "I have put my name to that. And it is *here*!"

He struggled up, seized an Old Testament that lay upon a side table, and flung it upon the table. He stood over it and rapped its cover. "It is *here*," he said, looking more like Gladstone than ever, "in the prophets."

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That is all I mean to tell at present of that conversation. We talked of religion for two hours. Mr. Lubin sees things in terms of Israel and I do not. For all that we see things very much after the same fashion. That talk was only one of a number of talks about religion that I have had with hard and practical men who want to get the world straighter than it is, and who perceive that they must have a leadership and reference outside themselves. That is why I assert so confidently that there is a real, deep religious movement afoot in the world. But not one of those conversations could have gone on, it would have ceased instantly, if anyone bearing the uniform and brand of any organized religious body, any clergyman, priest, mollah, or suchlike advocate of the ten thousand patented religions in the world, had come in. . . That is why, though I perceive there is a great wave of religious revival in the world to-day, I doubt whether it bodes well for the professional religious. . . .

The other day I was talking with an eminent Anglican among various other people, and someone with an eye to him, propounded this remarkable view. "There are four stages between belief and utter unbelief," he said. "There are those who believe in God, those who doubt him like Huxley, the agnostic, those who deny him like the atheists but do at least keep the site vacant, and lastly those who have set up a Church in his place. That is the last outrage of unbelief."

H. G. Wells.

A Sociological Romance

THERE are few writers who, twenty years ago, would have dared to prophesy that the death of Mr. Benjamin Kidd could pass almost unnoticed by the newspapers. There was a moment in the history of Anglo-American thought when it seemed as though his "Social Evolution" had marked him out as the heaven-sent opponent of rationalist progress. For three or four years his book continued to arouse widespread and heated discussion. It was translated into almost every European, and into not a few Oriental languages. It obtained for its author the immediate right to have his letters printed in large type by the London *Times*. There was no review, whether monthly or quarterly, which dared to be without its article upon him. Few preachers there were who did not inform their congregations that the incisive ironies of Professor Huxley had at last been answered; and if Mr. Kidd did not base the truth of religion, like Mr. Gladstone, upon the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture, still he was a friend at a time when theology stood sadly in need of defenders.

It may be doubted whether a student of the present generation would have even the patience to read Mr. Kidd's volumes. He would admire, indeed, a certain dignity of style and vigor of expression. He would not mistake the sober earnestness of purpose which marks throughout the consciousness of great issues. But he would be compelled to recognize that Mr. Kidd's vast generalizations are based either on inadequate knowledge or insufficient understanding. He would be forced to admit that Mr. Kidd speaks of religion while he is entirely ignorant of anthropology, that he discusses evolution in terms rather of Mr. Spencer's elegant fancies than of Mr. Darwin's sober facts; and that the Weismannian theories upon which he built his immense sociological edifice were either like panmixia, *ab initio* incapable of proof or of disproof or like that of the non-inheritance of acquired characters spoilt by him in the use. He would find no single sentence which even suggested a perception on Mr. Kidd's part that sociological discussion must be written in psychological terms. The idea of institutional development he understands only insofar as he is acquainted with the dangerous brilliance of Sir Henry Maine. He knew nothing of law, and he read economics only to misinterpret it. He so little realized the workings of natural selection as to believe that the ability of Plato and Aristotle is proof that evolution is not primarily intellectual. He was so ignorant of ethnology as to imagine that the Greek and Roman peoples have absolutely disappeared in the struggle for existence. His main authority on the economic influence of population was not Malthus or Mill or Marshall, but Mr. Henry George. He seemed to imagine that governmental corruption was limited to the South American republics, and he actually believed —on the authority of Lord Milner—that it was for the sake of the natives that England interfered in Egypt. It is a strange and even melancholy thought that so glittering a mass of sophistries should have been received with respect and gratitude by reasonable and even distinguished men.

Some explanation of this phenomenon must be sought; and its character should serve to throw light on the influence of that intellectual movement of which Darwin was the most notable representative. When the latter part of the nineteenth century is seen in an adequate perspective it is probable that, physical science apart, no movement will appear more striking than the reaction against dogmatic theology. It was not, of course, Darwinism

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which affected that change; but it was Darwinism which gave to it the profoundest impulse it received. The idea of evolution was, doubtless, already half-expected by men. But what Darwin did was to supply it with a mechanism whereby its processes could be adequately explained. The only reply tradition could make was the exclusion of man from its categories; and to that the publication of the "Descent of Man" supplied an effective and, in its broad outlines, a final answer. The immense impetus given to naturalism by Darwin's work is perhaps too little realized by this generation. It is necessary to read the actual controversies of the time to understand the difficulties it had to encounter, and through what mists of antique prejudice it had to make its way. Its application, piecemeal indeed, and often in hesitant fashion to the problems of history on the one hand and of morals on the other deprived theology of the two fields it had for centuries claimed to control. To study history as the record of a dispassionate evolution may result in a justification of the ways of God to man; but it is not the God or man of the Mosaic cosmology who finds therein a place. And in the sphere of morals the results were even more striking. The evolutionary study of ethics made it evident that the truths of theology were, in this regard at least, impossible of acceptance. The morality of the Decalogue became revealed not as a final statement but as a typical pronouncement of a half-nomadic tribe which had not failed to profit from the experience of its neighbors. The precepts of the New Testament became, in this aspect, simply the expression of a chronological situation; and the diversity of their origin threw effective and critical light on the problems of early Christianity. To not a few it seemed almost as though the lights of the old heaven had been extinguished. There seemed, in the dawn, at any rate, of this new time, a justification for nought save scepticism. What was revealed were the endless vistas of inquiry, the depths of ignorance rather than the possibilities of knowledge. What above all seemed assailed was the right to religious belief. The work of men like Wellhausen and Baur, of Robertson Smith and of Harnack, the fascinating popularizations of Renan, the patient conquest of patriotic and medieval church history for science—a conquest recognized by great Catholics like Dollinger among the dead and Duchesne among the living—struck at the roots of the hold formerly exercised by dogmatic religion on the minds of men. The pendulum swung too far and too quickly for men not to desire a reaction. It was easy to demolish the crudities of the ancient structure; it was another and more difficult task to replace them. There is little sign of any confidence in or satisfaction with the rationalism of the last decade of the nineteenth century. It might serve as a new faith to men like Huxley and Leslie Stephen who had done so much to establish it; but to the majority it was too new and too strange to have the traditional loveliness which belonged to the ancient ways of thought. So that what was needed was a method of faith which, while it took account of the new discoveries, nevertheless pressed them into the service of the old ideas. It was exactly that service which, superficially at least, Mr. Kidd set himself to perform. He wrote in large, vague terms. He had all the terminology of the new science very trippingly on his tongue. He wrote with an easy certainty of his own rightness which carried with it, at least for the interested amateur, all the obvious marks of scientific adequacy.

The fundamental tenet of Mr. Kidd's creed had at any rate the merit of simplicity. Within the period of which history gives us knowledge an intellectual progress is not discoverable. It is not therefore to reason that the great moral advance is to be ascribed. The causes, then, which operate to that end cannot be rational in character. A survey of social history suggests that only one non-rational influence is of sufficient magnitude to be held responsible for so tremendous a change. Religion is the only sanction for ethical conduct. It inspires by its dread and by its connection with the instinct of awe. It is thus to religious progress that we must look for moral progress. The religious instinct, he concluded, is so deep-set in the heart of man as to be truer in its intuitive and non-rational certainty than the hesitating hypotheses of contemporary science. That is why, as he conceived, religions have always appealed to the heart; why, also, the majority of men sternly refuse to admit the truth of a rational explanation of the universe. And he conceived this non-rational sanction of conduct to be the more essential because the future progress of society depended on some high degree of socialistic organization. Socialism, to him, implied the subjection of man to the state. But no man would make so immense a sacrifice as that subjection involves were he to reason it out. What saves society and ensures its advance is the appeal to men of those religious instincts which bid them realize themselves in suffering. Here is the quasi-scientific habit with a vengeance. The "struggle for existence" must appear in any sociological treatise that is to be worthy of the name. Mr. Kidd calmly annexed Darwinian theories to his particular interpretation of socialism. That interpretation he took to be the increased rivalry and struggle between men of a

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particular group with a resultant perfection of type. It was hard for men thus to suffer, but it was essential to social wellbeing. Reason forbade the sacrifice; but then reason was anti-social and religion demanded it in the name of humanity. In such an analysis religion has a clear and important social function. Men have the right once again to believe. That which they accept as truth may logically be shown to be wrong; but they have a faith the consequences of which are so socially significant as to render that faith superior to logic.

Such an attitude is an amazing mosaic of ill considered half-truths—akin in character to the brilliant cynicism of M. Sorel's facile mythopoiesis. The historian may not deny to religion a great share in the evolution of standards of social conduct. But he will draw a firm and clear line between religion on the one hand and ecclesiasticism on the other. He will doubt, for instance, whether the influence of the Church in the fifteenth century did not contribute rather to the disintegration of society than to its preservation. He will wonder, perhaps, whether the theologian will be really willing to defend religion upon a basis other than that of reason. He will suggest that the tendency of modern life is rather to diminish the influence of individual competition within each social group that the society may be the more firmly united against rivalry from without. Even when Mr. Kidd was writing, the factor which Prince Kropotkin has so admirably termed Mutual Aid was perhaps the most decisive social feature of the time; as Mr. Spencer's anguish at the poor law and compulsory education should surely have reminded him. But it is needless to multiply such criticisms.

To-day we speak a different language, and if the student of sociology may look forward with confidence to an era of fruitful work, it is because the method of inquiry has taken an antithetic direction to that which Mr. Kidd desired to give it. We have learned, in the first place, that no sociological study is at all firmly founded which is not based on psychological science. We need to know far more than we can as yet claim of the action of men in groups before we can talk with Mr. Kidd's easy confidence about the entire range of human history. Thinkers like Mr. Graham Wallas in England, like Durkheim and Fouillée in France, like Professor Albion Small in America, are gradually teaching us the use of our tools. What must strike the observer of modern sociological work is the fact that it has passed the stage where its uncritical dogmatism proclaims its youth to that in which it is erecting its boundaries and discussing the methods of its survey. Books like Mr. Trotter's recent study of the herd-instinct, like Durkheim's examination of the division of labor, like Eugen Ehrlich's study of the sociological aspects of law, give us the right to hope greatly of its results. Mr. Graham Wallas's "Great Society," Professor Small's too little known "Between Two Eras," suggest to us that the larger problems are kept firmly in view. We cannot, indeed, speak to our age with anything like the unqualified optimism which made of Mr. Kidd in some sort a prophet to his generation. It is with analysis and not with synthesis that we are as yet concerned. That of which above all we are convinced is the vast difficulty of our task. But it is precisely in that vastness that we find its supreme worth.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Swallows of Diest

MY automobile broke down on the outskirts of Diest, and I was obliged to spend the night in the Gouden Kat—a typical Flemish inn. A dozen little round tables stood outside on the flagstones bordering the Grand' Place, the supper room within was divided about equally among food, drink, and billiards, and Madame sat in state behind a showcase of cigarettes. There were no Germans lodged in the Gouden Kat, so I was given the best room, and as I came down the tiny, twisted stair after a good night's sleep in a high bed with carved posts at either corner, a tester and lacy hangings, under a black crucifix and the faded eyes of a colorprint of King Albert, a small gray feather spun slowly down and fell at my feet in the doorway. There was a flutter of wings, and a swallow skimmed over my head, almost touching me, and out through the open door.

A few gloomy citizens, an occasional housewife, small boys and girls in neat cheap clothes and noisy wooden shoes, stalked across the open square. A squad of German soldiers tramped by on their way to the Kommandantur in the Stadthuis. Soon the mass was over, and a flood of grave, black-clad figures filled the square and melted away into the by-streets. A worn black flag fluttered from a pole on the very top of the church.

"Madame, what is the black flag on your cathedral?" I asked, sipping black coffee.

"It was once white, that flag, Monsieur."

"But Madame! it is coal black."

"Monsieur, it is the flag which we of Diest hoisted when the Germans came. Aerschot, Louvain, Schaffen—they were destroyed by the Germans. Diest," she shrugged her shoulders, "Diest is as you see it."

Across the Grand' Place, behind the gates of a porte cochère belonging to a rival inn, I found my chauffeur, Alexis, busy with the broken motor.

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"Monsieur, this is the cylinder which does not march," he called loudly, his tricky eyes eager for praise and his mouth smiling blandly behind his curved mustaches. "More oil!" he ordered imperiously from the bent old innkeeper who stood, cap in hand, watching; and while the man shuffled off with a wash-bowl, Alexis loudly continued to explain to me the difficulty. "I am mechanician as well as chauffeur, Monsieur," he declaimed, although I was well aware of the fact. "I will arrange every thing. In an hour all is arranged."

A side glance gave me the clue to Alexis's authoritative tone. The young wife of the innkeeper, a heavy flaxen-haired Flemish woman, watched smiling from the open door. Alexis's gestures and mouthings were for her.

In the rafters over the motor-car I heard soft cheeping, and a swallow slid from a mud cup fixed to one of the timbers and stole out into the morning sunshine. There were other earthen cups, lined no doubt with feathers, in the shadow above us: three or four cups brimming with swallow babies. One after another the gray-blue mothers came and went, circling fearlessly over us, engaged in the sensible business of filling the world with swallows.

"In an hour, Monsieur, all is arranged," Alexis repeated, trying to get rid of me. So I determined to stay.

"Madame, a cup of the white beer of Louvain, if you please," I ordered.

She answered my French with a question in Flemish. "Wat segtgy, Mynheer?"

"Wittebeer van Leuven, als 't je belieft, Madame."

"Wittebeer van Leuven voor Mynheer, Marieke, allez!" chuckled the bent old innkeeper, coming up with a bowl of oil and shoving her with his shoulder.

"Goed, goed," she answered, and disappeared, still smiling....

Alexis sulked, but worked; the innkeeper watched admiringly; I sat in a tiny chair propped against the inn door and talked with Madame, while the swallows circled and cheeped overhead. The motor backfired when it was tested, and the swallows screamed in fright and fled through a cloud of stifling smoke which rose into their nests. But in a moment they were back again at work, filling the world with swallows.

"Like the cannon, is it not?" said Madame in sluggish, countrybred Flemish, speaking of the motor's tricks. "But the swallows return." She laid her hand on her breast with a curious passionate gesture.

"He is your husband?" I pointed to the old innkeeper, bent almost double over the motor as he watched Alexis.

"Yes, Mynheer."

"You have children?"

"I shall have one in three months—about All Saints' Day, Mynheer." She spoke with the simplicity of a peasant, to whom life and death and birth and growth are the simplest things in a complex world.

"Are you glad, Madame?"

"Glad? No," she said after a pause, smiling still.

"Are you sorry?"

"No, Mynheer."

"He is an old man, your husband," I remarked after a long silence.

"Yes, he is old, Mynheer."

"You love him?"

"Love him? No."

"Do you hate him, then?"

"No, Mynheer. Why should I hate him?"

"Alexis, there, is a jolly fellow. What do you think of him?"

"I do not think of him, Mynheer."

I changed the subject. She was only a peasant, yet she knew how to rebuff my levity. "Why did you marry, Madame?" I asked, and my tone was serious, befitting the question.

"Why does any one marry, Mynheer? I was of the age—sixteen."

"But why did you choose him?" I gestured again toward the old man, still bent over Alexis as he tugged at the cylinder core.

"I did not choose, Mynheer. The swallows," she pointed to the earthen nests, "do they choose? Other people, do they choose?"

"No," I admitted, astonished at her. "It is Nature. They do not choose." I felt a sudden respect for the dully smiling enigma before me. *Love? choice? romance? the adventure of living?*—what were they after all? The stress of towns has bred these fantastic ideas in men's brains. This country woman knew she was no different from birds and beasts, and she knew that it did not really matter to anybody—not even to herself. In a few slow words, still smiling, she sketched the dull drama of her life: peasant-born, unbeautiful, bought from her family by the old innkeeper as soon as the Church permitted her to marry, twice a mother, but both her children dead, pregnant again: that was the whole story. She did not know that her recital was sad, or that it could inspire pity. She did not even know that it was interesting. She seemed to tell it instinctively, as a bird cries in the thicket or as a tired dog whines at the door.

"Alexis, is the motor ready?" I called.

"Almost, Monsieur," he answered; then turning to the innkeeper he bawled, "Get me a pan and matches!" He rested his hands on his hips and

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stared insolently at the woman and me. "Monsieur has seen the flag on the cathedral?" he asked. He continued in Flemish, "The brave men of Diest ran up a white flag while the Germans were still at Liège! Madame says they did well to surrender."

"I said that to surrender is nothing, Myne Heeren," she interrupted slowly, looking at me but addressing us both. "Every thing surrenders."

"Ha, Madame! Foolishness! Talk like a Belgian patriot, if you please. We never surrender, we Belgians: we fight, fight, fight!" Alexis swung his arm and waited confidently for my applause.

"Madame," I turned to her. "You think these things do not matter?"

"They do not matter, Mynheer," she said smiling.

"The invasion of Belgium?—that does not matter?"

"It does not matter, Mynheer."

"Murder? arson? rape? pillage? millions dead and maimed? millions enslaved? Madame!" I found myself addressing her as if she were a logician instead of a mere peasant.

"It is nothing, nothing; I know it is nothing; I feel it here." Again she laid her hand on her breast with the singular passionate gesture I had marked before. "It does not change anything; it does not change the soil of the earth, it does not change the man, it does not change the woman, it does not change the child. Then it is nothing. We of Belgium are like rain falling on a field: they [the Germans] are like rain falling. We do not choose: they do not choose. It is all—nothing."

Alexis leaped forward, his tricky eyes blazing, his mustaches stiff with anger. These patriotic outbursts were no new thing to me, yet I was astonished at him. He trembled with honest emotion. "Madame! You are no Belgian, you are no Christian, you are no woman," he shouted. "You have no sense of honor, you have no patriotism, you have no decency. Bah! you would have us handed over to the Boches!" He stopped his tirade abruptly and addressed me in French, "Monsieur, the car is ready in a moment, if you please. This woman—this woman—" He raised his arm as if he would strike her, but did not. All this time she had stood watching and listening, still smiling heavily and making no move. "This woman is a peasant, she is not human, she is a beast... Here!" he called to the innkeeper, who had reappeared, "give me the matches. Hold the basin there." He jumped back to his place and pressed the self-starter. The motor hummed with curious coughs and gasps from the jury-rigged cylinder. "It will march until we reach home," called Alexis, his voice still keyed high with anger. "Monsieur is ready?"

I paid the modest reckoning and climbed into the tonneau. The woman stared past me at Alexis; even my "good day" was unheard or at any rate unnoticed. The motor roared and the frightened swallows flew. The innkeeper flung open the double gates, removing his cap and bowing low, and we rolled slowly into the square.

There was a patter of slippers on the cobblestones behind us, a gasp and a choking cry, and Madame was hanging to the running-board beside Alexis, pouring forth a torrent of passionate Flemish. The German sentries before the Stadthuis across the square stared anxiously, passersby stopped as if thunder-struck, I looked back and saw the old innkeeper standing open-mouthed and motionless in the doorway.

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur, she wants to go with me!" muttered Alexis, mechanically stopping the car. The woman flung her arms toward me with a piteous gesture. Her heavy, ugly face streamed tears. All her reserve, her self-control were gone. She had chosen at last, and she had chosen this!

"Wants what, you fool?" I exclaimed, appalled. "Drive on, Alexis. Make her go back. You know the Germans would arrest us at the first sentry-post. Damn you anyway!" I roared, my anger mounting to outraged brutality to think that a chauffeur's cheap amour might land us both in a German jail. "What have you done to get us into this mess?"

He thrust his fist into the pleading face. "Go back, go back," he grunted, apparently without a trace of feeling for her.

"You must go back, Madame," I exclaimed. "You must go back!"

She ignored me and again burst into a storm of entreaty, all aimed at Alexis. "No, no, no, no," he shouted in answer to her pleas. "Go back to your husband! Go, you—animal!"

At that word she dropped from the car. "Go on, Alexis, quick!" I exclaimed. Her hand flew to her breast with the old gesture. As the automobile leaped forward, she walked a few steps toward the inn. I turned and watched her: Alexis stared straight in front of him. She wheeled and looked after us her hand still at her breast, her body swaying from side to side. Then she looked at the inn, and again at the fleeing car. Finally as we dashed away from the square I saw her stumbling toward the wretched old man, who still stood in the blazing sunlight which streamed through the open doorway, while the swallows of Diest circled and cried over his hoary head.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT.

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The United States as a Sea Power

THE United States once was a maritime nation, in the usual sense of the word; but it is so no longer. Why such a vital transformation came about in our national life is a question that already has a considerable literature, some of it full of the sailor's manly sentimentalism and sincere patriotic fervor, some of it prejudiced by class interests, very little of it written in a spirit of sound historical accuracy.

The traditional argument of our shipping men is founded on the broad claim that we were at one time mistress of the seas. But the soundness of this claim depends wholly upon what is meant. As to tonnage, we unquestionably were carrying just before the Civil War a preponderant share of the world's trade. As to perfection of ships and ability of officers and crews, the case is equally strong in our favor. But if the traditional argument refers not only to a preëminence in ocean commerce but also to the naval power to control competition—that is to say, a power which is not only active but potential—then I think that the premise is at fault.

In the full sense of sea power, the United States never was mistress of the seas. Our two wars with Great Britain scarcely affected the fact of British naval supremacy, American tradition and school history to the contrary. What we settled on the sea in those wars was the superiority of a few individual American ships over a few individual British ships, and the general superiority of American construction and personnel, as evinced in the work of our swift and daring privateers. We convinced ourselves that we would be able at any time to build and man a navy to cope with England's navy; but we have never done it, and the matter still remains in the region of faith. Our two wars were the chief means of convincing England of the wisdom of using her sea power with moderation; but they did not touch the sea power itself. Even at the zenith of our maritime greatness, with our unsurpassed clipper ships ruling every route of water-borne commerce, we depended upon British sea power for the freedom of the seas. England could have stopped our trade anywhere, at any time. That after the war of 1812 she did not attempt to do so, except in a single conspicuous instance, is proof of the general liberality of her sea policy.

The traditional argument holds that the decay of the American merchant marine was brought about by two main factors; the first of which was the staggering blow delivered by Confederate raiders sent out from England during the Civil War. It is altogether unfortunate for a fair view of England's sea policy that the Alabama incident and others of a similar nature had to occur when they did. They are beside the mark. For the preceding decade conservative feeling in England had been excited by the rapid advance and disproportionate excellence of the American merchant marine. The situation, however, was simmering down; British builders and owners were improving their own merchant marine to compete with ours, and undoubtedly the rivalry would have been allowed to reach its natural results, without the coercion of British sea power. Then came the Civil War, and with it a stiffening of conservative opinion throughout England. The opportunity was seized, against the united protests of British liberals. But after the war these incidents were atoned for in a fair court of arbitration, and British policies became liberal again.

The second factor blamed for the decay of our merchant marine is the policy of a Congress controlled by the interior of the country. This is only another way of saying that Congress refused to build a big navy or adopt a policy of subsidies. Much as I personally regret the passing of an era with which my whole life has been bound up, I have never been able to agree with the traditional argument on either count. A merchant marine in sound standing easily recovers from fortuitous blows; for causes of its actual decay we must look deeper, to economic forces. The indifference of Congress to our maritime affairs during the last half century has itself been the result of an overwhelming economic pressure. When Commodore Vanderbilt, in the early days of the steamship era, suddenly sold out his growing steamship lines and turned his energies into railroad development, the action was significant of the whole tendency of the nation. From a strip of states fronting the sea and backed by virgin forests, we had rapidly changed into a continental nation with enormous inland forces to be organized. The maritime impulse of our early days lasted over into the succeeding era, and, as frequently happens in such a situation, reached its maximum when the economic forces that supported it were already on the wane. The break had to come. There was not in the nation sufficient manhood energy and financial power for both internal and external development. To this set of factors must be added still another, the growth of industrialism throughout the western world. Thus for two generations virtually the

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whole energy of the United States was to be spent upon internal development. The choice, however disastrous it may have been to our former shipping interests, from this distance seems healthy and inevitable.

But now we have undergone another economic change. A revival of maritime interest is taking place with us to-day. Our tonnage is advancing by leaps and bounds. In a few years we will possess a more than respectable merchant marine. Ship yards are springing up everywhere along our coast; they probably will be able to compete on equal terms with European yards for a period of five years after the war. There is plenty of capital for the enterprise. Above all, the country is now fairly well developed internally. The farmers and merchants, the men of the interior, are awakening to the significance of maritime affairs. It looks like a real national maritime expansion this time. What international policy shall we pursue?

The conservatives, in the temper of those British conservatives who built the Alabama and set her loose upon our shipping, claim that we should look singly to our own interests, and that it is nothing to us what any other nation thinks or does. Having launched our maritime enterprise, let us push it forward by the whole force of our government, by subsidies and every sort of legislative and diplomatic action. Let us build the first navy in the world, and support our flag on every sea. If Great Britain objects, fight her. These men, of course, are imperialists at heart. They are interpreting patriotism in terms of the old order of international relations. Their strong views are apt to emanate from an inaccurate belief in our past naval achievements and to disregard the total change that has come upon the relations between commercial and naval sea power with the development of modern armaments and modes of propulsion. By closing their minds to the interests and activities of other nations, they lose sight of several very important considerations. They lose sight of the fact that England would not sit idly by while we built the first navy in the world—that their policy contemplates an orgy of naval construction such as the world has never seen. They lose sight of what is the key to the whole problem—the fact that the very life of the British Empire depends upon her naval control of the seas.

The liberals also believe that it is not for us to be subservient in the matter. Trade and commerce are for all, and no nation must be permitted to hold a monopoly of the ocean routes. Of precisely this policy liberal England has been the best exponent that ever controlled the seas. Only in times of national crisis, when even the policies of liberals tend to become conservative, has Great Britain allowed herself to overstep the bounds of moderation in her use of sea power. The American liberal is quite willing to enter into a discussion of subsidies or preferential tariffs and port charges, at any time when we are actually unable to compete with foreign commerce. But he recognizes that the naval control of the seas is a vital necessity to Great Britain, while it is not a vital necessity to the United States. He concedes the point to Great Britain. He believes that, regardless of Civil War incidents, the American merchant marine would have gone on developing side by side with the British merchant marine, and without hindrance from British sea power, if it had not been for a shifting of economic forces within our own country. He sees that the mistaken policy of backing a merchant marine by a great navy must sooner or later bring any nation face to face with the legitimately dominant sea power. Great Britain found no objection to the development of the German merchant marine; it was the building of the German navy which aroused her to action. This threatened the life of the Empire. It disclosed a spirit, not of commercialism, but of conquest. Shall we enter this game? Shall the United States embark on a voyage which leads nowhere but to defeat or imperialism? Then why raise the bugaboo of British control of the seas?

The American liberal feels that the course of Great Britain has in many cases been reactionary during the present war; he has seen with alarm the growth in England of ultra-conservative policies as to trade and the general problem of international relations. But he has faith that at the close of the war British liberalism will again come into its own, as it did at the close of the Boer War, and that these reactionary tendencies will be promptly nipped in the bud. He had reason to believe that after the war British sea policy, enlightened by the grave lessons that are culminating in these tremendous days, will be more liberal than ever before.

If, however, this faith should prove to have been misplaced, if British sea policy should continue reactionary into days of peace, then the American liberal would be as willing as the conservative to take sharp action. The blame then would definitely rest upon Great Britain; she would deserve the ill-will of the world and the censure of history. But such a result is unthinkable; the whole force of the past is against it. A war between the United States and Great Britain on any count is unthinkable. It is unthinkable that all Europe is to fall into the lap of the reactionaries; that out of the present conflict is not to emerge a new and more liberal order of internationalism, whereby vital matters may be settled without resort to arms.

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The present administration, by announcing for the United States the definite policy of building the second largest navy in the world, seems to have aligned itself with the liberals on this question. There may be good reasons why we need so large a navy, but we do not propose to threaten British naval supremacy. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, however, the whole question should be covered by international agreement; there should be treaties between us, on our part sustaining British control of the seas, and on the part of England guaranteeing the freedom of the seas to the American merchant marine. Such treaties must of necessity wait for the settlement of pending difficulties, and ought to wait until liberalism has once more established itself as the dominant political force in England. British liberalism knows that it has nothing to lose and everything to gain by our maritime expansion. And American liberalism knows that unless we are out for conquest—and we shall never be out for conquest—our maritime expansion has nothing to fear from British sea power.

LINCOLN COLCORD.

Out of a Pamphlet

I ASKED her for another piece of butter. Her face remained inattentively blank. With a propitiating smile I asked again. She too smiled, but it was as she responded to a beckoning gesture of the fat-faced man at the marble-topped table next to mine. I hated her. I wanted the butter. Like some other students I am perforce a devotee of the continental breakfast, and with nothing but coffee and rolls one must at least have enough butter. Of course I knew the reason for my short ration; I hadn't tipped her for a couple of days, and the commercial traveler type had dimes enough to command an unlimited supply of smiles and attention.

With an increased contempt for women I returned to my room and tried to clear the desk of the pamphlets which drip from the pockets of my statistical roommate. Pamphlets annoy me. They appear so utterly devoid of human interest. But the title of one of them caught my eye. It was "Behind the Scenes in a Restaurant." I opened directly to a chapter on the tipping system, and I paused from my Wordsworth concordance long enough to read it.

As a result I haven't divided my life into Before and After reading a pamphlet issued by The Consumers' League of New York City, but I have decided always to tip the waitress, even to the bitter extent of abolishing dessert. I haven't been converted to tipping. Restaurant-keepers should no more expect the public to pay three-fourths of the wages of their employees than shop-keepers should expect it. Arkansas, Iowa, Mississippi and South Carolina have forbidden tips, but until the less enlightened states pass similar laws waitresses will be forced to "work" for tips either by making me eat butterless rolls, or by smirking at the commercial fat-face. One girl is quoted as saying: "Girls have to live on tips. If you tell the boss you can't make any, he says you are no good and discharges you. You have to put up with it or starve. The majority of girls—the better class of waitresses—if they could get a good living would be glad to do without tips."

Of course I knew in a vague sort of way that waitresses were underpaid and largely dependent on tips, but I realized it only as one realizes that there are poor uneducated bushmen in Australia, and it's too bad, and something ought to be done about it, but meanwhile there is the assignment for tomorrow's class-work. Then along came this pamphlet dryly stating that eighty-seven per cent of the thousand and seventeen women restaurant workers interviewed are being paid less than nine dollars a week, and that even when food and tips are estimated and added the proportion receiving less than a living wage is still thirty-one per cent.

One of my temperamental objections to pamphlets is this technical jargon of theirs that chops humanity into per cents. We of little faith and less imagination fail to grasp the full significance of that thirty-one per cent. Tragedies numerically expressed meet with scant understanding. This pamphlet, however, supplements its statistics by some far more tangible information as to what "less than a living wage" really means.

"Restaurant workers are a tenement house population...as a whole their lot falls within the congested tenement districts of the city. Confusion, overcrowding, dirt, lack of sunlight, air and privacy, and unwholesome surroundings are only too common in their homes. The janitor of an East Side tenement house said, 'A little while ago, down in Third street, there were twenty-three girls sleeping in two rooms. They'd put their mattresses down on the floor at night and pile them on top of each other in the day time. Most of them were kitchen hands at ———s's,' naming a well known chain of restaurants."

But though women restaurant workers are far from being the only actors in the tragedy of underpayment and overcrowding, they can lay claim to the dubious distinction of being the largest group of women without the protection of the law as far as hours are concerned. The New York State labor law makes it illegal to employ women in

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factories and mercantile establishments more than fifty-four hours or six days in any one week, or between ten o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning. In one restaurant a girl of twenty was found working one hundred and twenty-two hours a week, longer than the law allows factory employees to work in two weeks. This may be an extreme case, yet one-fifth of these women work twelve hours a day and seven days a week, and fifteen-hour days are not uncommon. Not quite one-half of the waitresses work over fifty-four hours a week, but that is because thirty-one per cent of them are what is known as "one-meal girls" who only come for the rush at noon. Of all the other restaurant workers, however, seventy-eight per cent exceed the fifty-four hour week.

Man's power of relegating to the dim fringe of semi-subconsciousness those things which it would annoy him to notice is really remarkable. When I despatch mental scouts into this twilight territory, I do remember that no matter at what hour of the day or night I have eaten in the white-tiled place of noise which I necessarily frequent, the same waitresses have been running flat-footedly about. I hope the law will soon forbid this, because it's bad for one's digestion to contemplate unpleasant subjects at meal-times, and now it will be difficult to dismiss from my mind these irritating ideas about the day of the restaurant worker.

She starts in at seven, walks many miles during the day, carrying heavy trays and working at a constant nervous tension, for speed is one of the requisites. She must not only remember a dizzying list of orders, but she must fill them quickly and keep her temper under the exactions of the most rasping customer. The law requires that girls in factories and stores must have at least half an hour off for luncheon, but the waitress must eat whenever she can snatch a moment from her work. When she reaches home at eight o'clock or after, there is still a dress and an apron to be washed and ironed for the next day, since very few waitresses can afford to have their laundry done. After that there is nothing left but the brief rest of exhaustion; social or educational activities are out of the question.

At the back of the restaurant where I vainly ask for more butter, there is a square hole in the wall. Into this hole go the syncopated orders shouted by the waitresses, and out of it come hot, sticky, strong-smelling vapors and much rattling of metal pans. The pamphlet informs me that in this atmosphere of noise and malodors live the cooks, the dishwashers, the silver cleaners, the kitchen girls and the pantry hands. Since they get no tips, they earn even less than the waitresses, but their hours are equally long. Amid the confusion and clatter of this hot, crowded place the cook must keep her head. The kitchen girl must be everywhere at once with a helping hand, she must lift heavy pots full of vegetables and fill in all the gaps. The dishwasher's very job depends upon her quickness. One of them said that she washes seven thousand articles in an hour and a half.

The greater proportion of the women restaurant workers are European peasants. Only these are able to endure the strain for any length of time, and even so it is significant that two-thirds of them are under thirty years of age. When the waitress gets older she drifts toward lesser pay and inferior restaurants. As her strength decreases, she is no longer able to work as a "three-meal" or full-time girl, she is obliged to take a position as a "one-meal girl" and is barely able to keep alive.

Misery which apparently reacts only on the individual is not often relieved by law. The legislative powers must be made to understand that such misery is derogative to the whole social organism before they will take action. If they are not impressed by the statement of doctors that the effect of running about with heavy trays for many hours decreases a woman's capacity for child-bearing, they may be affected by the danger of spreading disease incident to employing waitresses who can not keep in health under existing conditions.

By working the employees in shifts, the difficulty of regulating restaurant hours can be overcome. It has been done in some states. New York and others are far behind. And I, as one of the restaurant-dependent public, humbly want to join with this chance-met pamphlet in urging that the working day for women restaurant workers shall not exceed nine, and the working week fifty-four hours. That women shall not be employed between the hours of ten p. m. and seven a. m. That there shall be one day of rest in seven, and that there shall be a regular time off each day for meals.

SIGNE K. TOKSVIG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Section Twenty of the Clayton Act

SIR: The discussion of the labor provisions of the Clayton act in recent issues of THE NEW REPUBLIC has developed clearly how uncertain is their meaning. Able lawyers, like ex-Attorney General George W. Wickersham and Mr. H. La Rue Brown, believe that organized labor has secured, at least in part, the exemption from the Sherman act it has sought. On the other hand, ex-President Taft and Mr. T. C. Spelling, just as able lawyers, hold that the Clayton act does nothing of the kind.

Which interpretation is correct only the Supreme Court can say authoritatively. Section twenty seems to be the crucial one. This section provides that certain acts, whether done "singly or in concert," shall not be prohibited in injunctions, or "be held to be violations of any

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law of the United States." This language leaves no room for doubt that suits under the Sherman act hereafter cannot be premised upon any of the acts enumerated in this section.

But the enumerated acts are not those for which organized labor has been prosecuted hitherto. The Danbury hatters' case did not rest upon the charge that the defendants had ceased to patronize Loewe & Co., or had recommended, advised, or persuaded others by peaceful and lawful means so to do—acts which are made legal, as far as the federal laws are concerned, by section twenty of the Clayton act—but upon the charge that they had conspired to restrain interstate commerce. In every other case in which labor unions or their members have been prosecuted under the Sherman act, likewise, conspiracy to restrain interstate or foreign commerce has been the main charge. Similarly, in all injunction cases in labor disputes the complainant's plea has been that the defendants had entered into an unlawful conspiracy.

"No conduct has such absolute privilege as to justify all possible schemes of which it may be a part." Though the acts which are done in pursuance of an unlawful conspiracy are lawful *per se,* "neither their innocence nor the constitution is sufficient to prevent the punishment of the plot by law." (Aiken v. Wisconsin, 195 U. S. 194.) Nor does section twenty of the Clayton act attempt to legalize conspiracy. On the contrary, the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives, in its report upon this measure, said that "it leaves the law of conspiracy untouched."

The words "singly or in concert" do not invalidate this view. A strike involves more than "ceasing to perform any work of labor," and a boycott more than "ceasing to patronize." In both, there is an antecedent agreement; both serve merely as means to an end. This distinction is made clear by the oft-quoted case of Arthur v. Oakes (63 Fed. 310). In that case the court modified an injunction which prohibited the employees of the Northern Pacific Railroad, "from so quitting the service of the said receivers, with or without notice, as to cripple the property, or prevent or hinder the operation of the said railroad." This prohibition the court held unwarranted, because the quitting of work, singly or in concert, may never be enjoined. But the court held that it was proper to enjoin the defendants "from conspiring or combining to quit, with or without notice, the service of said receivers with the object or intent of crippling the property or embarrassing the operation of said railroads."

If the Clayton act has legalized merely "ceasing to perform any work or labor," while the antecedent combination is still subject to the same test as to its legality as of old, organized labor has gained nothing substantial. Possibly the law of conspiracy also has been modified, but certainly this is doubtful.

EDWIN E. WITTE.

Madison, Wis.

Mr. Eastman Rude to Slang

SIR: Mr. Max Eastman may or may not know something about poetry (I am willing to give him the benefit of the doubt) but he is certainly sadly ignorant about slang. I am a slang-lover and slang-collector of some years' standing, with a pretty comprehensive knowledge of children to boot; and I have yet to discover any child, boy or girl, capable of inventing slang. Can Mr. Eastman point out even one happy phrase coined by him in his ultra-poetic youth? I will bet a dictionary that he can't; that he, like other children, merely retailed stale phrases.

True mouth-filling, soul-satisfying slang is not produced by children, but by mature and brilliant minds—by genius, like that of George M. Cohan, coupled with wide experience. Children use slang, not because they perceive and admire its force and truth, but because it is more accessible than classic English. Surely Mr. Eastman knows that a child lives by imitation: streets and parks are thronged with examples of this. A child's infrequent attempts to create are feeble indeed, and never by any chance could blossom into the marvellous flower of slang.

Habitual slang-users—children or adults—are a dull-witted conventional prosaic lot, too lazy to read a dictionary, content to let the phrases of others wander monotonously in at their ears and out at their mouths. The true lover of slang shrinks at the sound of their profane voices; to him a phrase is taboo after one repetition. How dimmed by age are the jewels Mr. Eastman holds up to dazzle us! We connoisseurs tossed them away long ago. Once it was my privilege to know a college youth who told me sadly that he could not use slang, because it was impossible for him to find time to keep up with the changing styles; so he perforce spoke in correct English. His was a fine spirit of appreciation and renunciation; but he was one in a million.

Mr. Eastman evidently loves slang; but he is ignorant, very ignorant, concerning it. He is not one of the elect. To use the antiquated vernacular he so much admires—quaint and old-fashioned as the phrases are to me—"Dry up and blow away, you poor simp; what's eating you? You make a noise like a nut—and a chestnut at that."

MILDRED FOCHT.

New York City.

Evidence to the Contrary

SIR: Johnnie ——, a little boy four years of age, shows how the English language may be used freshly, crisply, directly—white-hot from the forge of thought.

He and his father were playing pretty roughly; the father was whirling his fist in the air and letting it fall with appreciable reality. Johnny soon got enough and ran to his mother crying:

"Mama, papa *fisted* me."

When the wind is blowing, as we grown-ups say in indirection, Johnnie revises:

"See, it's *winding* to-day!" or

"The paper *winded* away."

Father and son were traveling up a steep hill on a country road. Johnnie was in the wagon, his father walking.

Johnnie, singing:

"I like to ride up hills in wagons when horses are pulling;
I like to ride up hills in wagons when horses are pulling."

The two were traveling the country road, the father pushing a wheelbarrow on which Johnnie rode with feet hanging and face toward the back so that he could look directly down at the ground.

Johnnie, singing:

"The earth goes sliding past;
The earth goes sliding past."

The father says that Johnnie's ideas and language have helped him to understand that the aphorism, "Thou must be born again," applies to language as well as to morals.

ARTHUR RARIG.

East Seattle, Washington.

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Northcliffe

At the War, by Lord Northcliffe. New York: G. H. Doran & Co. $2.00.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE has a somewhat childish vanity. He is a man with a great reputation. In a country where the successful demagog is the conservative demagog, he has played the rôle to perfection. He has appeared as a defender of established institutions against all sorts of upstarts from the suffragettes to Lloyd George. He has satisfied cheap appetites in every way compatible with a minimum of literacy, and has made an art of gilding the national gingerbread. He has utilized the pomp of the *Times* and the circumstance of the *Daily Mail* to carry out the exploitation of public opinion, and as a result if not as an object he has become enormously wealthy and important and a peer. And yet he writes a book.

The book gives Lord Northcliffe away. It reveals him not as the statesman but as the press agent of the popular English mind. Although France and Belgium and Italy and Switzerland and Spain come within his vision, he does not see them with a European intelligence, as one might hope of a maker of premiers. He sedulously reports the "popular" manifestations of the war, of the soldiers and the neutrals and the Red Cross and the big generals. There is an absence of all personal illumination. There is a great deal of stock sentimentality and flub-dub and attitudinizing, a certain amount of shrewd observation. There is no particular concern for the truth. It is as if George M. Cohan had edited a Yankee-Doodle-Dandy newspaper instead of writing songs and chanting them; and had been compelled, by reason of the energy and audacity and resourcefulness of his popular achievement, to sustain a heavy national pose.

As an introduction to Lord Northcliffe's mind, one should take the rubber-stamp phrases with which his book is filled. It is nothing against a newspaper proprietor that he cannot write freshly. He is a publisher, not a contributor. But the kind of triteness to which a man is prone gives the penumbra of his personality. So Northcliffe is to be found chattering about "our dear soldier boys," "the desire to rid fair France of her despoiler," "a photo of wife and bairn," "the marriage to which every patriotic woman looks forward," "a long series of palatial hospitals for our soldier boys," "floating hospitals, most beautifully fitted up, literally sea-palaces for the wounded," "a chin to be reckoned with," "Sir Anthony Bowlby, the distinguished surgeon," "workers in speckless and palatial hospitals." "Such a far-flung and minutely complicated machine did not spring like Minerva from the head of Jove," "*facile princeps,*" "that alert and hustling monarch, King Manoel of Portugal, a young man with a future, I am very sure, is a tireless Red Cross worker." "Far from the madding crowd." "Equally careless of our thanks or of our appreciation." "It is the way of the British soldier; for within the breast of a hero he cherishes ever the heart of a little child." "The miasmic exhalations of the Upas tree of Westminster." "In these great days the breath of war is the breath of life, and the spirit of sacrifice is the spirit of regeneration." "War is war."

With a mind of the press-agent quality indicated by these phrases, Lord Northcliffe starts out to do his work as advertiser for the Allies, and he does it by giving full play to the most insular prejudices and by talking every conceivable kind of credulous cant. "The faces of our soldiers, unlike those of the Germans, are full of individuality." "Now that we have real war news from the able scribes who are allowed to tell us freely and frankly what is happening . . ." "The sooner the German prisoners are put to work and help to shorten the war the better." "Germans are naturally, so far as the Prussians and Bavarians are concerned, extremely cruel." "German prisoners are content with their lot." As to Sir Douglas Haig, "Fifeshire is the home of the national game of Scotland; and it is the imperturbability of the Fifer that makes him so difficult to beat in golf, in affairs, and in war." "Père Joffre, who has the destinies of France in his hands." "General Birdwood, the idol of the Anzacs." "'There reigns in Germany considerable misery.' All agreed that butter is unobtainable, meat scarce (except in Alsace and parts of Pomerania), fat almost unknown." "It is essential to complete victory that each of the Allies should feel towards the others the trust and admiration which they all merit and which knowledge alone can engender and maintain." "It is not the immediate policy of the British Government to emphasize German cruelties, and so I will not repeat the innumerable stories I have heard." "The Germans in our hands are, in my personal opinion, treated with unnecessary and wasteful comfort." "President Wilson, who, like most Americans, is not liked in Spain, by reason of the loss of Cuba, and whose Mexican policy is not pleasing to a country that has millions invested in that distraught El Dorado, is quite a hero of the Germanophiles." "I am doubtful of the lasting effect of anything short of a smashing and palpable military defeat of Germany." "Little Portugal, who has not been afraid to throw down her glove to the Kaiser."

This is "the strongest voice in England," as his publisher defines him, "daring, cordial, discerning, optimistic, . . . the man who has been back of mighty, beneficent and fruitful movements and who must now be recognized as one of the real rulers of his generation—without portfolio."

The only policy one is able to disengage from the rambling notes of Lord Northcliffe is a belief in the necessity for Germanizing England. He celebrates "the British power of quick improvisation." "No Prussian thoroughness can better these British war-training schools in France." "There is beyond question a growing demand for the filling up of more and more forms in connexion with the Army." "I often wonder what would happen if war were to take place in England, with our small, narrow lanes and well-kept but illogically arranged roads. . . . I presume the authorities have thought out all these things." "Just as Grant's soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic, dominated the elections in the United States for a quarter of a century, so will the men I have seen in the trenches and in the ambulances come home and demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England—an England they will fashion and share; an England that is likely to be as much a surprise to the present owners of Capital and leaders of Labor as it may be to the owners of the land." There is a great regret, in addition, that British propaganda is so defective in Switzerland and Spain. "It is particularly disagreeable to notice the favorable and agreeable manner in which the Hun is received in Spanish society." Lord Northcliffe rejoices when, as in Italy, the truth is appreciated. The late Francis Joseph was known there "not as a venerable old man borne down by family sorrows, but as shrewd, hard, imperious, and impervious to all family bereavement."

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Efficiency has its word of praise from Northcliffe: "To-day, almost before the reek and fume of battle are over, almost before our own and the enemy dead are all buried, the Salvage Corps appears on the bloody and shell-churned scene to collect and pile unused cartridge and machine-gun belts, unexploded bombs, old shell cases, damaged rifles, haversacks, steel helmets, and even old rags, which go to the base, and are sold at £50 a ton. It is only old bottles, which with old newspaper, letters, meat tins, and broken boxes are a feature of the battlefields, that do not appear to be worth the salvage." In this context Northcliffe forgets "our heroic dead," as indeed he does frequently. His normal tone is this: "I did not linger unduly at Cormons, because an interesting battle was raging close at hand, and every minute brought its stretcher with its conscious or unconscious piece of dishevelled, blood-stained humanity, from which rose a great cloud of flies—so numerous as to be positively noisy."

Lord Northcliffe is undoubtedly an aggressive personage, a promoter of a familiar type. In this book, however, he not merely shows himself to be uncritical, insensitive and sentimental, he exhibits the narrowest ideas as to the war.

This country has its own demagogic newspaper proprietors, and it is quite likely they would produce similar effusions in war-time. That hardly makes it more palatable. It only makes one sympathize with the Englishmen who, in peace or war, see Northcliffe as focussing and exploiting prejudice. F. H.

An Honest Doctor

The Memoirs of a Physician. Translated From the Russian of Vikenty Veressayev, by Simeon Linden. With an Introduction and Notes by Henry Pleasants, Jr., M.D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

ALTHOUGH written some twenty years ago in Russia the condition of affairs in the doctor's profession and in the public's reaction to that profession which this book so frankly reveals is not altogether out-of-date even in 1916 in the United States. Science has advanced, but it has not advanced to the point where physicians never make incorrect diagnoses, those nightmares of the profession, and the passages in Veressayev's book in which he describes what happens as the result of a mistake make bad reading for anyone without good health or stout nerves. Public opinion has advanced, too, but it has not advanced to the point where medicine is entirely without the flavor of a black art, where everybody in the despair of illness or the impending death of a person beloved intelligently recognizes the doctor's limitations. Veressayev is tragically frank in his statement of the impotence of science before many, in fact before most, diseases. He tells how frightened he was when he first began practice, wondering how people could possibly trust him enough to come to him for advice, yet how they relied on him to exorcise the demons of the most mysterious or difficult ailments. Deaths came as the result of certain organic diseases to patients for whom, quite literally, he could do nothing except by suggestion stimulate their own powers of resistance. He tells of giving colored water to tuberculosis patients working twelve hours in badly ventilated rooms, when he realized that the only cure would be months in the open air—an economic impossibility for those poor devils. How he came to reconcile his conscience to these innocent deceptions that kept hope alive is very probably a transcript of the psychological history of many private practitioners to-day. Their function is to create hope when there is no hope.

Which perhaps explains why the public in general clings so desperately to the myth of the doctor's omniscience. People want to believe in it. And of course the unscrupulous in the profession—for the myth that doctors, of the same weak clay as ourselves, are all noble and disinterested has been shattered by gay realists like Shaw—do not hesitate to encourage that ignorance and to wrap the trade of doctors in the folds of some higher mystery. I venture that nothing is more irritating than the doctor who covers his own doubt and uncertainty with the pretentious jargon of the schools or with "harmless" prescriptions, written with an elaborate flourish. Who has not at some time squirmed when he paid a large fee for listening to a doctor advise general hygienic and dietetic measures of the most elementary kind with an air of initiating one into the Eleusinian mysteries of existence? Veressayev by his very honesty and straightforwardness shows that it is the organization of society as a whole that furnishes the impulse for this modern obscurantism. Where people live in decency and cleanliness with enough money to take the radical and expensive cures of common sense, such as exercise, fresh air and good food, the doctor ceases to be the magician and becomes the friend and adviser. In fact Veressayev raises the question, very much as Shaw raised it in his preface to "The Doctor's Dilemma," whether or not the day of the private practioner as such will not have to go ultimately. There is also such a thing as division of labor in medicine as there is in industry; yet "the family doctor" is supposed to minister to a cold, extirpate the bacillus of infantile paralysis and operate on the thyroid gland, all with equal facility.

Other and uglier questions are raised by the book. Varessayev does not mince words over vivisection's cruelty; but he comes finally to the conventional position, as one imagines most sensible people do, that vivisection is necessary. When in 1883 the Prussian government, answering the pressure of the anti-vivisector's agitation, requested the medical faculties of the colleges honestly to give their opinion of its necessity, an eminent German physiologist sent the government Herrmann's "Handbook on Physiology," having previously struck out all those facts which it would have been impossible to establish without recourse to vivisection. According to Veressayev, Herrmann's book, thanks to such annotations, acquired the appearance of a Russian newspaper after it had passed through the censor's hands; more text was crossed out than left untouched.

But perhaps the seamiest side of the doctor's profession is just that side for which it is the most difficult to see a remedy: the training of the younger doctors and the acquisition of new knowledge, both aspects of the same problem. If it is true that the progress of medicine has been over a mountain of corpses, one objects to its being over one's own corpse. If it is also true that in medicine "nothing risked, nothing gained," one prefers to have the gain to humanity made at the expense of somebody else. Neither does one relish the thought that one's own body must be the practice field for some new surgeon, as yet unskillful in the wielding of a knife and quite likely to make a mistake that will be fatal. Yet old and experienced doctors cannot live forever, nor can the search for new knowledge be wholly extinguished. Veressayev is barren of suggestions on these difficult points. He writes many

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shocking—and probably true—passages describing his own fatal mistakes when he "was getting his hand in," and the records of innoculation of healthy people with malignant diseases for the purposes of experimentation (for the honor of the human race it can be said that many doctors are just as ready to experiment on themselves) are enough to make sensitive people shun a doctor's consulting room as they would an execution chamber. Yet the most that Veressayev suggests are certain changes in the routine of training and educating doctors and the compulsory practice of surgeons on animals before they operate on human beings. Sheer recklessness in experimentation has probably much decreased since Veressayev wrote his volume, but the main problem is still unsolved. Perhaps the organization of clinics and the extension of the principle of division of labor point a way.

Dr. Veressayev's pessimistic reflections on the degeneration of the race, due to the protecting of the weak and unfit, are not deeply impressive. Compared with the average citizen of to-day the life of primitive man was scrawny, short and sordid. Longevity has increased, even if neurasthenia has too, although it must be remembered that mid-Victorian ladies were afflicted with the "vapors" and in the middle ages the village idiots were surely as common as the village drunkards to-day. I recall a passage in the biography of a captain in Drake's fleet, written by an Elizabethan contemporary. That early Boswell mentioned naturally that a friend died at the age of 40 "of old age." How many modern Maeterlinckian ailments did that euphemistic phrase cover! However, these chapters on degeneration are not the most important or interesting of the book. What matters is the recital of the soul struggles of an honest doctor up against conditions of social life and intelligence which he, as a doctor, was only able to change by an infinitesimal sum. The book gives no occasion for despair. It destroys false confidence while creating sincerer faith.

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Another Hindoo Poet

The Golden Theshold, by Sarojini Naidu, with an introduction by Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00.

THIS Hindoo lady came to England when she was sixteen. She became a student at King's College, London, and afterwards at Girton College, Cambridge. She stayed a long time in Europe. She wanted to marry a man that her family did not approve of because he was not a Brahmin. She went back to India with a spirit of independence acquired in Europe and married her lover. She has four children—at least there is a poem in this book addressed to her children and four are named. During her first visit to England she made the acquaintance of the critic Edmund Gosse, who encouraged her to be a poet—as she puts it herself, he "showed her the way to the golden threshold." She also established friendship with Mr. Arthur Symons, whose insatiable artistic curiosity has always been alert at a hint of the exotic. He found a publisher for her poems; and for this volume he has written one of his charming intimate introductions which reveal so discreetly the personal traits of his subject—a form of literary art of which he has inherited the secret from Théophile Gautier and shares with nobody living. This Indian lady wrote him some very beautiful letters in the course of her travels in Europe, and after her return to India. He gives many quotations from them, and being anxious that you should read them with appreciation, he takes you up and introduces you to the poet.

> "To those who knew her in England, all the life of the tiny figure seemed to concentrate itself in the eyes; they turned towards beauty as the sunflower turns towards the sun, opening wider and wider until one saw nothing but the eyes. She was dressed always in clinging dresses of Eastern silk, and as she was so small, and her long black hair hung straight down her back, you might have taken her for a child. She spoke little, and in a low voice, like gentle music; and she seemed, wherever she was, to be alone."

"Through that soul," continues Mr. Symons, "I seemed to touch and take hold upon the East." That may very well be; Sarojini Naidu is a Hindoo woman of pure blood. But there is nothing specially Hindoo in the book now published; it is European in structure, and even in tradition it is European. Girton and King's College have done their work thoroughly. Even the beautiful letters to Mr. Symons are the letters of a highly cultured, artistically sensitive, European woman. If one did not know who the author is, one would say that these poems were by the wife of some British official in India—perhaps Irish, because here and there a note sounds which one somehow associates with Ireland.

> "O little mouse, why dost thou cry
> While merry stars laugh in the sky?"

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Laurence Hope was as European in origin as Sarojini Naidu is Hindoo, yet it is Laurence Hope who seems closest to India and her verse less *pastiche*. Laurence Hope, throbbing out her burning passionate soul, needed just India for a setting—needed the cruel heat of the Indian day and the hallucination of the Indian night. But Sarojini Naidu's poems might have suggested themselves in Connaught or Cornwall or even in New Jersey. She seems Indian by obligation: take away the Indian decoration, which is extraneous and not, in sum, very much, and what have you but some very musical western poetry—English poetry? Her method is not unlike the method of Eugene Field. Field would take a few fantasy epithets, Japanese or Bohemian or what not, and embroider them into a poem. Then he would set the little dainty toy poem sailing off under the name of Japanese love-song or Bohemian lullaby; and a very pretty little thing it generally was.

If you look for traces of her sponsor, Arthur Symons, in Sarojini Naidu's verse, you will not find any. She goes further back. Swinburne and William Morris have influenced her and—of all the unlikely influences for an Indian!—Thomas Gray—yes, he of the Churchyard. Swinburne seldom composes anything more melodious than this from "Indian Dancers":

"Now silent, now singing and swaying and swinging,
like blossoms that bend to the breezes or showers,
Now wantonly winding, they flash, now they falter,
and lingering, languish in radiant choir;
Their jewel-girt arms and warm, wavering, lily-long
fingers enchant through melodious hours,
Eyes ravished with rapture, celestially panting, what
passionate bosoms aflaming with fire!"

Recent Publications

The Old Blood, by Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40.

FEW war correspondents are as indefatigable as Mr. Palmer. In what time he can spare from exploring Flanders, interviewing staff officers, accompanying crowded transports through the submarine zone, he writes novels. His latest, "The Old Blood," has for hero an American, visiting in France and caught in the wave of the German advance and afterwards released by the victory of the Marne, who enlists in the English army and is given the job of artillery officer. Aside from a welcome authenticity in detail, the first two-thirds of the book slowly unfold a rather inconsequential and sentimental story, told in an undistinguished style that just escapes being clumsy. In the last third of the book the nobility of the author's subject, as it were, lifts the story above the level of Mr. Palmer's ability. It radiates with a kind of vicarious splendor. The hero is hit by a stray shell, and he is brought back to the base hospital a ghastly caricature of a human being. His chin is blown off; he is blind, made deaf; what should be a countenance is but a gaping wound. Even Mr. Palmer's unimaginative and unskilful use of words cannot prevent many of these passages from touching and awakening deep emotional springs. The gentleness with which the shattered remnant of a man is handled by his soldiers, the quick and all-enshrouding love and care of the base hospital, the loyalties that will not flinch from him—one feels

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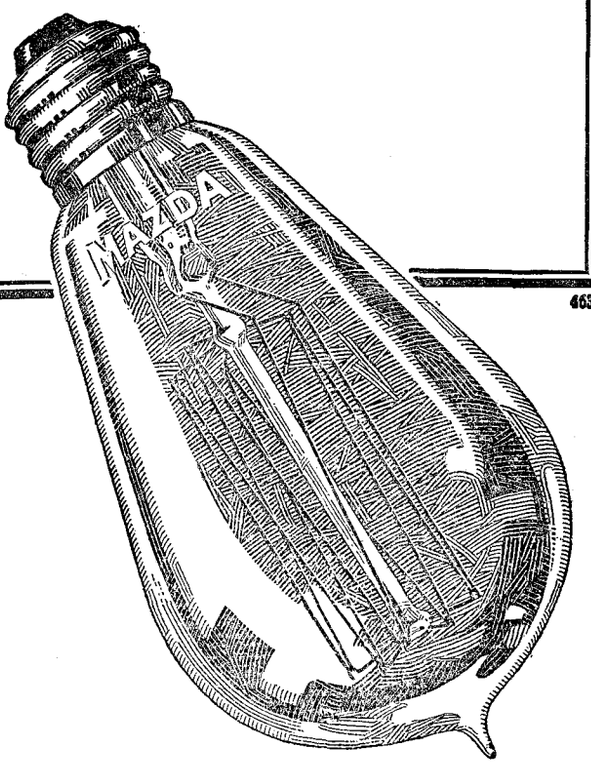

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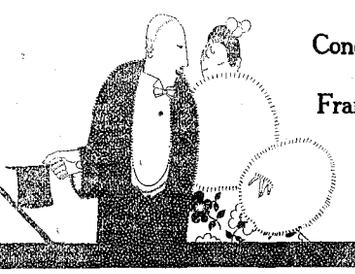

Condé Nast, *Publisher*

Frank Crowninshield
Editor

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how many hidden kindnesses are covered over and smothered by the smooth amiabilities of peace. And then comes the miracle. That one real charitable triumph of the war, which Americans have done their due share in making possible—plastic surgery—sets quietly about the long and seemingly hopeless task of re-making him. The experience is awkwardly, yet memorably, transmuted into fiction.

The Growth of a Legend, a Study based upon the German Accounts of Francs-tireurs and "Atrocities" in Belgium. By Fernand van Langenhove. Translated by E. B. Sherlock, M.D., B.Sc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

IT is difficult for most Americans to remember that "Belgian atrocities" is a phrase as current in Germany as it is in this country, but that in Germany it means atrocities committed by the Belgians upon unoffending—sometimes, even, wounded German soldiers. The battle of the Marne made most of us forget the Kaiser's famous telegram to President Wilson, protesting "in the name of humanity" at the barbarities of the Belgians. The legend of "francs-tireurs" was a household myth throughout Central Europe the first few months of the war. New soldiers pouring into France entered Belgium expecting to be shot in the dark, believing that the water peasants offered them might be poisoned, regarding every Belgian priest as a cowardly spy in secret communication with the English and French. Their state of mind, nourished by the new novels of the previous decade and inflamed by the spectacular charges of the press, was thoroughly adjusted to the task of giving to innocent circumstances sinister double interpretations. Every windmill became a method of communication; every chance shot in a village was civilian treachery. Because in Germany the priests of Belgium were popularly supposed to instigate the "atrocities" the German Catholics became alarmed and petitioned for the right to investigate these stories. Otherwise, as they very justly pointed out, internal dissension would inevitably arise. The petition was granted, and the material collected forms the factual basis of the present book. Needless to say, practically every charge was disproved. But by that time the mistakes had happened; the innocent had suffered with the guilty. Legend had destroyed villages; fable had spilled much blood. Written to defend Belgium against unjust accusations, the book also gives the human background of many so-called German "atrocities" which otherwise would seem inexplicable. Numberless cruelties were the inevitable mistakes arising from the situation itself. In spite of oneself, the picture of the ruthless, blood-maddened, drunken German soldier-barbarian evaporates into the less romantic reality of a credulous, worried, suspicious, nerve-tortured human being.

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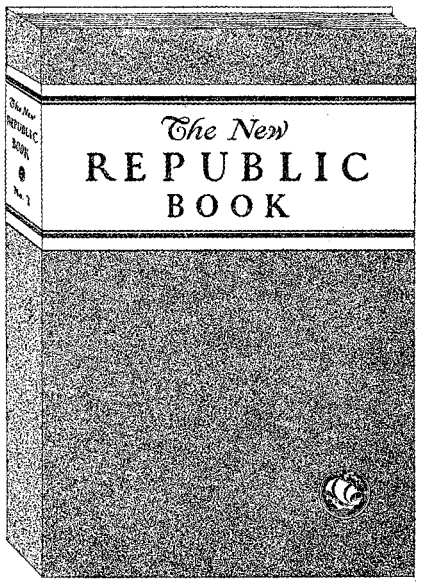

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